

NELLIE BLY IN THE
ONEIDA COMMUNITY.
READ THE SUNDAY WORLD
A Specimen New York Thug.
MURDEROUS SCOUNDRELS WHO CAN BE HIRED
TO COMMIT ANY CRIME.

The Evening Edition of the Sunday World.

IN THE SUNDAY WORLD.
ANOTHER LEVER IN TOWN.
THE FIRST LADY OF FRANCE.
JOHN WARD ON BALL-PLAYERS' RIGHTS.
A WINDFALL FOR WAR VETERANS.
THE SACRED RIVER OF INDIA.
THE CONFIDENCE QUEEN BRAZEN AUDACITY
OF AMERICA'S MOST
NOTORIOUS AND PERSISTENT FEMALE SWINDLER.

PRICE ONE CENT. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1889. PRICE ONE CENT.

LAST EDITION KING DEATH

Thousands of His Victims
in the Conemaugh
Valley Flood.

75 People Burned with the
Wreckage at Johnstown
Railroad Bridge.

Bodies of the Drowned Afloat for
Miles Down the Swollen
River.

Heartrending Scenes Along the
Course of the Torrent.

Victims Helpless in the Grasp
of the Mighty Destroyer.

Instances of Rare Heroism--Rescues Ac-
complished or Bravely Attempted.

A Mother's Proffered Sacrifice Happily
Rendered Unnecessary.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

PITTSBURG, June 1.—Thousands, instead
of hundreds of lives are now believed to
have been lost in the terrible flood in the
Conemaugh valley.

The stream of human bodies which has
been washed down the river, mingled with
the wreckage of houses, factories and other
buildings, has been something fearful to
witness.

At present it is utterly impossible to esti-
mate, even approximately, the damage done.
It will be several days before the desolated
Johnstown can be explored, and the hor-
rible details now hidden there brought fully
to light.

Pennsylvania railroad officials think it will
be impossible to get trains through either
way for three days.

Every train from Pittsburgh towards the
scene of the disaster is packed with sad-
dened Pittsburghers and residents of the
towns en route who want to hunt for loved
ones.

The nearest I have reached Johnstown so
far to-day is a station of a natural gas line one
mile and a half distant, a message from which
points out a house is left standing where
yesterday there were thousands.

Another message says 200 houses are still
standing at Johnstown and the main street is
under twenty feet of water.

Natural gas-pipes burst, setting fire to
wrecked buildings and adding horror to the
scene.

At Nineveh, near Johnstown, 200 bodies
are awaiting identification.

Two bodies were picked out of the Al-
legheny River at Pittsburgh this morning.

They are horribly mangled and are sup-
posed to have come all the way from John-
stown.

The awful force of the flood can be realized
when it is known that the water route from
Pittsburgh to Johnstown, never yet traversed
save by canoes, is about one hundred miles.

The Conemaugh River, a mere mountain
creek, ordinarily a few inches deep, rushes
down the mountains past Johnstown and
finally empties into the Allegheny, which
joins the Allegheny River thirty miles north
of Pittsburgh.

Measures for relief are already being taken.
The Pittsburgh newspapers have sent out a
provision train, and the Mayors of Pittsburgh
and Allegheny have called a public meeting
in the old city hall, Pittsburgh, at 1 o'clock
this afternoon.

Guskey, the leading clothier of Johnstown,
will send \$2,000 worth of clothing to John-
stown, and his own relief corps will be
looking for bodies.

A later telegram from Johnstown says the



MAP OF THE FLOODED DISTRICT.

Financial loss is about \$2,000,000, and that
5,000 houses were swept into the stream yes-
terday.

PERISHING IN FLAMES.

Seventy-five Lives Reported Lost in the
Fire at Johnstown Bridge.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)
BOLIVAR, June 1.—The strange picture
of flames rising above the flood is presented
at the Johnstown bridge of the Pennsylvania
Railroad.

Houses carried away by the waters are
stacked up against the bridge, making a mass
three-quarters of a mile long and forty feet
high.

This mass has caught fire in some way and
is burning fiercely.

The flames are spreading to the bridge.
Seventy-five people are reported as burned
with this wreckage, besides the bodies of
some who met death in other ways.

The whole lower part of Johnstown is un-
der water, the big Cambria Iron Works being
totally submerged.

The number of the dead by the flood is
still estimated at 1,500, but may exceed that.
Telegraphic communication being cut off
from the flooded city, news is brought here
by mounted couriers.

FINDING THE DEAD.

A Hundred Bodies at Nineveh and Many at
New Florence.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)
NEW FLORENCE, Pa., June 1.—One hun-
dred bodies have been recovered at Nineveh
and seventy-five persons are known to have
been burned at Johnstown.

A train load of provisions left Pittsburgh at
11 o'clock for the scene of the flood.

Edward Deck, a young railroad man of
Lockport, saw an old man floating down the
river on a tree trunk, with agonized face and
streaming gray hair.

Deck plunged into the current and brought
the old man safely ashore.

Scarcely had he done so, when the upper
story of a house floated by on which Mrs.
Adams, of Cambria, and her two children
were both seen.

Deck plunged in again and while breaking
through the tin roof of the house cut an
artery in his left wrist, but, though weakened
with loss of blood, he succeeded in saving
both mother and children.

Mr. William Hayes, just returning from
Johnstown, says the place is uninhabited.
John McCarthy, who lives in Johnstown,
reached here this morning.

He left Johnstown at 4.30 yesterday and
says the scene when he left was indescribable.

The people had been warned early in the
morning to move to the heights, but they did
not heed the warning, although it was re-
peated a number of times up to 1 o'clock,
when the water poured into the streets sev-
eral feet deep.

The houses began rocking to and fro, and
finally the force of the current carried build-
ings across streets and vacant lots and dashed
them against each other, breaking them into
fragments.

These buildings were freighted with the
poor wretches who so shortly before had
laughed at the danger.

In some cases McCarthy said he counted as
many as fifteen persons clinging to buildings.
McCarthy's wife was with him.

They left the flooded district and went
up the Allegheny River and were supposed to
have come all the way from Johnstown.

It is said to be next to impossible to get to
Johnstown proper to-day, in any manner ex-
cept by rowboat.

The only hope is to get within about three
miles by special train or by hand-car.

LATER--THE WATER RECEDED.

place is crowded with anxious watchers, and
with horrifying frequency their vigils are re-
warded by the discovery of a dead body.

Hundreds of people from Johnstown and
near-by towns are hurrying here in search of
friends and relatives who were swept away.

A report has just been received that twenty
persons are on an island near Nineveh and
that a number of men and women are on a
partly submerged tree.

THE COURSE OF THE FLOOD.

From the Hills Above South Fork It Tore
Through the Valley Below.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)
PITTSBURG, June 1.—The fair and beau-
tiful valley of the Conemaugh River, in Cambria
County, is a horrifying scene of devastation,
ruin and death to-day.

The wrecks of houses, stores and factories
are strewn along the banks of the river for a
distance of many miles.

A dozen villages and the city of Johnstown,
with its 25,000 population, are literally de-
stroyed.

The loss of life is tremendous, probably
thousands of people having been destroyed
in the flood caused by the breaking of the
greatest reservoir in the world, located two
miles above South Fork, and ten miles above
Johnstown.

The dam gave way at its base at 5 o'clock
yesterday afternoon, emptying the water of
Conemaugh Lake, three and a half miles long
three and a half miles wide and more than
one hundred feet deep in places, into the
valley.

Conemaugh Lake had been dammed by the
South Fork Fishing and Hunting Club, com-
posed of wealthy gentlemen of Pittsburgh.
It was more than 250 feet above the John-
stown level, on the side of the Allegheny
mountains, and the dam was 110 feet high and
90 feet in thickness at the base.

The top of the dam was 700 to 1,000 feet
wide.

Recognizing the danger to the valley below
the company had the dam inspected every
month by the Pennsylvania Railroad engi-
neers, and their report was that nothing less
than a convulsion of nature's forces could
tear the barrier away.

The convulsion came yesterday.

For forty-eight hours a steady and heavy
rain had been falling all along the valley of
the South Fork and Conemaugh rivers, and at
5 o'clock the people of the valley had been
warned of impending danger.

At 5 o'clock there was a water-spout, and
then the dam gave way.

With a rush and a roar the flood was pour-
ing down the valley carrying everything be-
fore it.

Sturdy elms and stanch old oaks were
wrenched out of the ground and tossed and
tumbled like straws by the irresistible torrent.

Two miles below the dam was the town of
South Fork, where the South Fork empties
into the Conemaugh. It had 800 houses, and
2,000 inhabitants.

The warning had been received by the
people of this devoted town and many of
them had clambered up the mountain sides
to await the subsidence of the storm, taking
with them only a few belongings wherewith
to stock improvised camps.

And from their places of security in an in-
credibly short time after 5 o'clock they saw
their homes swept away and the town com-
pletely destroyed.

Down through the "Pack-saddle" came
the rushing waters, already freighted with
the trees and timbers of the valley above.

The trunks and boughs of the trees, its
first victims, were used by the angry torrent
as weapons wherewith to strike destruction
in its further course.

Many people were still in their houses, and
the surging waters were so rapid in their
movements that many of these were caught
at their avocations and drowned at their
posts.

Others rushed to the upper floors only to
be overtaken there, while some succeeded in
reaching the roofs, and these were carried
away with the tide and were seen tossing
hither and thither on the upper wave, then
submerged or dashed against some obstacle
in the pathway of the vengeful torrent.

sat on a little eminence, though in the centre
of the valley, and it was hoped that in a case
of flood the torrent would be stopped here.

Indeed, the people below Conemaugh had
so much faith in this idea that they had made
little or no preparation for the flood, even
after the warning was sent out.

But the devoted little Conemaugh was
wrecked from its foundations, and its homes
and business houses were ruthlessly tossed
and torn by the maddened waters, and her
2,500 people were made homeless, while
many of them were swept away by the tidal
wave to destruction.

Woodvale, a village of 2,000 inhabitants, a
mile below, and the city of Johnstown, an-
other mile down the valley, with her suburbs,
Cambria City and Conemaugh Borough, were
next caught in the flood.

The torrent had travelled ten miles, and it
was forty feet deep when it washed over
Johnstown.

Johnstown with her suburbs had a popula-
tion of more than 30,000.

The Cambria Iron and Steel Company em-
ployed 1,600 men in their big factory and had
\$5,000,000 worth of buildings, machinery and
stock.

All this was reduced to a ruin, and the de-
voted little town was literally wiped out and
hundreds of lives were lost.

From places far up the mountain side
fugitives from the flood watched the course of
the destroyer as it did its ghastly work among
their homes.

After two hours but two roofs in the city
could be seen above the water, and during
those awful two hours those in safety had
witnessed scenes such as have turned dark
hair to gray and furrowed up smooth young
faces with seams and wrinkles like those
of old age, while many a heart was torn and
bleeding with anguish unspeakable.

In the flood as it came down the valley
were hundreds of people clinging, with the
grip of drowning ones, to trees to which
they had taken at the first warning of the ap-
proaching flood. The trees had been torn up
by the roots and carried away with their
human freight.

Here and there one or two or three persons
floated swiftly past on the roof of their valley
home or on some bulky article of furniture,
the thing nearest to them when the tide
reached them up the valley.

And then there were almost countless dead
bodies rolled and tossed by the ruthless
water, some of them still clinging, with the
grip of death, to some floating article, but
most of them wrenched from their holdings
and ghastly in death.

All along the route of the flood people
rushed to the bridges to give aid to those
who might float down on the maddened sea
and as the terrible flood approached they
saw how fruitless would be their efforts and
how dangerous their attempt, and rushing
from the bridges would reach the shore just
in time to see the structures rent and torn
under, their ruins added to the floating
debris.

The struggles of the helpless victims in the
water were heart-rending in the extreme.

At Solivar the waters spread in five
minutes over the whole country, and houses
went floating down, men, women and chil-
dren clinging to the debris, shrieking wildly
for aid.

The people of Garfield, on the opposite
side of the river, rushed to the stone bridge
below the town with ropes, and these were
thrown over into the boiling water in an
endeavor to save some poor beings.

But all efforts were fruitless until a lad
astride a shingle roof managed to catch a
dangling rope.

So swift was the speed of the torrent that
he was hurled violently against an abutment.
But he managed to retain his grip on the rope
and was hauled up on to the bridge.

He was John Hessler, and he related an
awful experience.

He is sixteen years old, and was spending
the day with his grandfather at Cambria
City.

There were also there Theodore, Edward
and John Kintz and John Kintz, jr.; Miss
Mary Kintz, Mrs. Mary Kintz, Miss Treacy
Kintz, Mrs. Rice Smith, John Hirsch, four
children and the father and grandfather of
young Hessler.

All were lost in the flood.

"Shortly after 5 o'clock," says young
Hessler, "there was a rush and roar of waters
and we heard screaming people outside. Our
home was in the side hill and my father said
the water would not reach us.

"The houses further down were being
swept away, and we all went up into the
third story. I was scared and I jumped upon
a bed. It was an old-fashioned bed, with big,
stout posts.

"The water reached that floor and kept
rising till my bed was afloat. My grand-
father, my father, John Kintz and John
Hirsch climbed out of a window with Mary
and Mrs. Kintz, but I staid on the bed.

"It kept rising, and finally the big posts
were pushed through the ceiling. I crawled
out through one of the holes made that way
and got on the roof.

"There I saw the men who got out of the
window on trees, Mary and Mrs. Kintz
must have drowned, and Miss Smith was also
drowned.

"The water kept rising and the roof began
to float down the river. I saw grandfather
and father, caught in the tree by the water,
covered over and drowned.

was his aged mother, but he was jerked away
from them.

Then he bravely dropped the rope and fell
back upon the raft, again taking the women
in his arms.

A little further down the frail raft floated
toward the edge of the flood. Young seized
the overhanging branches of a tree and had
succeeded, by Herculean efforts in placing
the women on the upper boughs of the tree,
when the heavy debris of a bridge came
down on the flood, struck the tree, tore it
from the ground and hurled it into the
water, drowning all three.

Young's heroism filled the minds of the
distracted spectators only a few moments to
give place to admiration for that of a mother
who, floating under the bridge on the roof of
a shed with her two little ones in her arms,
shook her head sadly when a rope was low-
ered to her and clung more closely to her
babes.

The mother's sacrifice was averted at Coka-
ville, a little further down, for all three were
rescued.

A little girl, kneeling, her hands clasped in
prayer, nased down on the torrent on a bit
of flooring.

There was a beatific expression on the
white, frightened face as she passed on to
death a little further on, where her raft was
shattered against a tree.

To add to the horror of the flood, the debris
caught fire at Johnstown, and floating bon-
fires illuminated the desolated valley.

Unfortunates were compelled to leap from
their burning rafts into a death not less sure
in the torrent, and their shrieks as they gave
up all hope were terrible to the ear.

IT WAS A VALLEY DEATH-TRAP.

Description by an Old Resident of the Sec-
tion Where the Flood Raged.

George R. Elder, who is engineer of the
Cyclone Pulverizing Company, in this city, has
his home at Johnstown. He gives this descrip-
tion of the scene of the flood:

"Conemaugh Lake, or reservoir, is about
three hundred feet higher than the valley of the
Conemaugh River. It is at the head of South
Fork River, two miles above South Fork village,
where it empties into Conemaugh River.

"This village is on the lake, only a few feet
above low-water mark. The river Conemaugh
passes through a gorge to a point below Con-
emaugh, and through a narrow valley to Stony
Creek, below Johnstown, where the stone
bridge of the Pennsylvania Railroad forms a
bottleneck, which probably acted as a dam to the
flood, keeping it back in the valley.

"Conemaugh Lake is only five feet above low-
water mark, and Mineral Point is literally on a
level with low-water mark, while Johnstown and
Pittsburgh are lower than the water line and
has only a very few brick houses and buildings.

"There could be no safer death-trap for a
flood than this, and all of these towns must
surely be swept away. There is no help for it.
I have rowed and fished on Conemaugh Lake
all my life and know it has always been a menace
to the valley.

"Bollinger, about eighteen miles below John-
stown, and the flood-gates once opened the water
must surely go rushing on clear to and beyond
Pittsburgh, and then no other way was left for
it. There were about forty thousand people
living in the valley.

"The faces were flushed and haggard and
heads of perspiration stood upon their brows,
despite the efforts of an Evening World re-
porter to show them the chance was that his
loved ones were among those who found safety
on the mountain sides.

"He rode to the nearest station to Johnstown
on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad this after-
noon.

Johnstown, which stood midway of the track
on which the torrent made its way, had its site
in the country on both the Pennsylvania and
the Baltimore and Ohio roads.

It was seventy-eight miles east by south of
Pittsburgh and thirty-seven miles west-south-
west of Altoona.

"The eastern terminus of the Pennsylv-
ania Canal, and weekly passenger trains, and
churches, several tanneries, flour, planing and
woollen mills and a convent and an academy.

ALARM ALONG THE POTOMAC.

Ten Feet of Water Running in the Streets
of Harper's Ferry.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)
WASHINGTON, D. C., June 1.—A freshet
is feared in the Potomac as the result of the great
flood. It was stated at the Signal Office that
there was every possibility that the Potomac
would overflow its banks before the storm is
over.

It is regarded as almost certain that there will
be an overflow of the James River, and the
damages to the considerable damage will be
done.

For a period of twenty days prior to the storm
there had been no rain in many of the South-
ern States and crops had suffered greatly, the
rain only coming in time to prevent their being
completely ruined.

The signal office received the following from
the Signal Office at Harper's Ferry:
"6 o'clock--an making preparations to
leave my office, which is rocking like a cradle.
The water in the Potomac is 8 to 10 feet
deep. The rivers are now within two feet of
being as high as in 1877, and are rising
rapidly."

FLOOD'S WORK IN VIRGINIA.

The North River Overflows--Several Houses
at Bridgeport Washed Away.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)
HARRISBURG, Va., June 1.—The Shenandoah
River has been rising rapidly for the past ten
hours, and at 6 o'clock this morning is higher
than at any time since 1870.

The North River, a branch of the Shenandoah,
has overflowed its banks seven miles south-
west of here, and the lower part of the town of
Bridgeport is under water.

Several houses are reported to have been
washed away.

A HORSE DETECTIVE.

The Test Made With the Gray Mare
That Woodruff Drove.

Unguided by Rein She Trotted Straight
to the Carlson Cottage.

Important Movements Going on in the
Cronin Murder Case.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)
CHICAGO, June 1.—A very peculiar test was
made by a Pinkerton detective last night to
disprove the truth of the horse-thief, Wood-
ruff's, story.

He has all along denied that he went near
the Carlson cottage, in which Dr. Cronin
was murdered, or that he hauled the doctor's
body away.

He lies, or at least the sagacious old gray
mare over which he handled the reins that
night says so.

The animal was taken out by the detective
at about the same time Woodruff drove her
out on the night of May 4.

The detective allowed the reins to hang
loosely over her back and allowed her to fol-
low her own sweet will as to direction.

The old mare started off at a brisk walk
and then fell into a trot.

She scooped up Lincoln avenue, turned
down Ashland avenue, and in less than half
an hour stood at the door of 1872 Ash and
avenue, where Dr. Cronin was assassinated.

The detective swore that he did not touch
the lines during the whole trip which, by the
way, was not by a particularly circuitous
route.

Woodruff, when told of the circumstance to-
day, smiled grimly but said nothing.

The talk about the connection of Alexander
Sullivan with the conspiracy is increasing,
but the police have done nothing in the
direction of arresting him further than in-
dicted in the previous despatches to THE
EVENING WORLD.

It is evident that something important in
police circles is up to-day, though what it is
Chief Hildner will not let you know.

Early this morning Lieutenant of Detectives
Elliot telephoned excitedly to the
Armory station asking that every available
detective be sent out on to the Central sta-
tion.

A small army of extra men was despatched
to Elliot, who sent them out on a mysterious
mission.

GORED BY A BULL.

One of Buffalo Bill's Indians Killed
at Paris.

(BY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION.)
PARIS, June 1.—A frightful scene not set down
in the bills was witnessed in Buffalo Bill's Wild
West show, when one of the Indians was killed.

During the realistic representation of a
prairie hunt an infuriated bull turned upon his
putners.

An unfortunate Indian was caught by the animal,
tossed upon his horns and gored to death.

In consequence of this distressing affair, the
Minister of the Interior has been petitioned
to suppress the exhibition as dangerous, cruel and
inhuman.

100 MINERS ENTOMBED.

THE BERRY HILL COAL MINE CAVES IN
AND ITS SHAFTS ARE CLOSED.

(BY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION.)
LONDON, June 1.—The Berry Hill coal mine
at daniel has caved in.

The shaft is closed up and a hundred miners
are entombed.

Vigorous efforts are being made to clear away
the debris and rescue the men, who are in
danger of suffocation.

A Murderous Thug--SUNDAY WORLD.

NO LARCHMONT YACHT RACE.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)
LARCHMONT, N. Y., June 1.—There will be no
yacht race here to-day, the Regatta Committee,
Messrs. E. J. Green, Otto Sarony and Chester
C. Munro, having decided that racing would be
an impossibility in such weather as is prevailing
and declared the race off until next Saturday.

The harbor is a mass of foam, the tide is low
and exposed rocks are hidden from sight by the
spray, which dashes over them continually.
The few yachts at anchor dip their bowsprit
into the water, and are anchored at different
points along the Sound.

The Sacred River of India--Frank G. Car-
penter in the SUNDAY WORLD.

LAST EDITION KILRAIN ARRIVES.

The News of His Mother's Death
Was a Great Shock to Him.

Now on His Way to Attend Her
Funeral.